

SCOTT COUNTY KICKER.

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ABOUT ST. LOUIS POLICE.

Many of you have, no doubt, wondered how it was possible in St. Louis, or any other large city so well supplied with police, for men and women to be slugged, held up and robbed and even murdered, without the police being able to arrest the perpetrators of the crimes.

I have noticed that in St. Louis, where the police were hastily summoned and could not avoid arresting somebody; that either the wrong man or the victim of the assault was locked up. I have also noticed in cases where the evidence was so plain that the arrest of the guilty was unavoidable, that criminals with police records a mile long were always able to furnish bail and employ lawyers and, after some juggling in the courts, go free to slay another victim.

Recently Gov. Folk re-organized the police board for the purpose of probing into the conditions in St. Louis. The old board was of Gov. Dockery's creation—upon the recommendations of the brewers and the saloon-keepers. Now, with the aid of City Attorney Sager—a Republican—the matter is being sifted by the grand jury and the lid is being lifted in a way that is not pleasing to the anti-lid crowd.

So far it has developed that in the "bad lands" of St. Louis, where saloons and bawdy houses are thickest, the police were in league with the criminals and shared the spoils. One police sergeant has already committed suicide and other officers have tendered their resignations, but the board refuses to accept such resignations until after the investigation is over.

Think of these conditions, dear reader, in a country where we boast of our schools and churches and send missionaries to foreign lands to educate the benighted! Imagine yourself dropping into a city and, unsuspecting, being lured into a dive and robbed. Imagine yourself then seeking the "majesty of the law" by looking up a policeman who listens to your tale of woe and promises to "investigate." Then he watches his opportunity and sneaks into the resort or saloon where you were robbed and takes half you were relieved of.

Ollie Roberts is now serving a term in the penitentiary for murder. She was a notorious panel worker and in five years her robberies netted her two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! This was taken chiefly from farmers and cattle men who were lured into her dive. She says she divided and gave the police half.

Many of you may not understand what is meant by a panel worker. Under police protection it is the safest game that can be played. A stockman takes cattle or horses to market and gets in return a big roll of money. Cappers are on his trail. In the evening he goes out to see the sights and not infrequently wants to see the worst side of St. Louis. If his inclination is not to visit this section of the city he probably meets a "friend" who volunteers to show him around. Saloons are visited and in the rounds a very attractive woman meets the stranger who, by some plausible story, entices him into her quarters. She usually plays herself as being the wife of a railroad man who went out on his run to Chicago or San Francisco that evening. Once in the house—attractively furnished—they are apparently alone. At a critical time the door is burst open and in jumps an enraged man with pistol pointed at his victim and wants to know "what are you doing with my wife?" The victim gives up what money he has and is glad to get away with his life. Nine out of ten never say a word about it because they don't want the homefolks to get hold of it.

A few years ago an Oklahoma farmer brought stock to St. Louis and received \$900. He got mixed up with Ollie Roberts and was relieved of all. Only \$200 of the money was his own, and the remainder belonged to neighbors. He felt ruined and told his story to the police. Ollie was arrested and taken to the holdover. The farmer pleaded with Ollie's attorney and his story was so distressing that the attorney requested the woman to give back the money. Even Ollie softened and wept and told where she had hidden the money in the house. When the attorney went to look for the money it was gone. No one had been about the premises except two policemen who searched the house after her arrest. It is reasonable to presume that they got it.

The police sergeant, G. W. Colestock, who committed suicide last week, carried a \$100 umbrella presented to him by Ollie Roberts. Ollie was sent to the penitentiary in 1904 for the murder of Chas. Kelley, who many believe was killed by Cole-

stock. It is believed that Ollie shouldered the responsibility on the promise that she would soon be pardoned. But the people forgot to vote 'er straight in 1904 and conditions have changed. Ollie sees no chance for a pardon and now turns informer. Of the murder the Star Chronicle says: "THE PISTOL WITH WHICH KELLEY WAS KILLED WAS HIDDEN AWAY BY POLICEMEN. It is stated, and only when it became certain that Police Com'r. Andrew C. Maroney, then assistant to Jos. W. Folk in the circuit attorney's office was determined to fight to the end and dig up the scandal, was the woman advised to withdraw all dilatory tactics and accept sentence. She was told it is said, THAT POLICE AID WOULD BE FORTHCOMING AND THAT POWERFUL POLITICAL PRESSURE WOULD BE EXERTED TO SECURE A PARDON FOR HER WITHIN ONE YEAR."

Ollie was visited at the penitentiary by Police Commissioner Maroney and Circuit Attorney Sager and, in all probability, she will appear before the St. Louis grand jury to tell her story. She has kept a record of her transactions with the police and her story will make interesting reading. You will get it in the Kicker when it comes.

Think of it! One woman paying in five years one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to the police for protection! How much did they get out of the thousands of other women in the same business? And how much from male criminals? Is it any wonder that St. Louis police can afford diamonds?

Since the above was written Effie Goldstein, a notorious panel-worker, has confessed that during the World's Fair the robberies in St. Louis amounted to over one million dollars, and that of this the police got over two hundred thousand. The Goldstein woman's resort was a sort of clearing house for the thieves where the swag was divided with the police.

ABOUT YOUR MONEY.

But few people have the correct idea about money. They know they can exchange it for goods and pay debts with it, but never stop to think why a little printing on a bit of paper will make that piece of paper exchange for a farm.

During the campaign of 1896 the harpies of the financial world made a great deal of noise about the "intrinsic value" of money, but they were never able to explain the difference between the intrinsic value of a dollar bill and a thousand-dollar bill.

The opponents of silver in 1896 couldn't stand in any position long enough to be discovered. They had to make a running and dodging fight and it was only with the rankest corruption in the cities and the spending of millions all over the country that the gold forces were able to steal the election. Only recently Tom Lawson, who votes the Republican ticket, exposed it that within a few days before the election Mark Hanna, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, sent in a hurry-up call to Wall Street for five million dollars and got it.

Whatever a government declares to be money is money—so far as that government is concerned. And money should be issued only by the government. When a government farms out this function to private individuals or corporations it will, sooner or later, surely enslave the people—the government.

Commerce (trade) is necessary to the existence of any nation. Money has been described as the blood of commerce—the vitality of trade. In a commercial system as in the human system, when the "blood" must be supplied by artificial means the end is only a matter of time.

In the United States the people, through their alleged representatives at Washington, have surrendered the issuing of money to the national bankers. The government—supposed to be the people—stands behind the notes issued by the national banks, and receives not even taxes in return. And then the bankers loan the people the money that the people stand security for—and pay the banks big interest for the use of their own money. Oh, but the people are smart!

Here is the way it was worked by the men who want to "maintain the honor of the country by paying our debts in honest money." President Lincoln was a good man and was called an anarchist by the pirates of his day. You never read any of Lincoln's sayings in the Republican press of today, nor do Republican spell-binders quote him. He was a man of the people and had lived this country would not be in the condition it is. His assassination nullified his work and left his followers without an honest leader.

Capital was quick to take advantage of the situation and placed a lot of its tools at the head of the government. Congress passed laws

that certain debts must be paid in coin—debts on imports and the interest on the public debt, for instance. Read one of your bank notes and you will find that it is not good for these things.

The special laws created a demand for coin. There was none in the country—neither gold nor silver. The "patriots" in time of peace always bundle up their coin and skip for a foreign country in times of trouble. But they had their agents (lawyers) at Washington to make laws. The country had only green-back.

Under the new law the country had to have coin. The money lords very reluctantly exchanged one coin dollar for about three paper dollars. When they had got in their possession about all the paper money at about thirty-five cents on the dollar these benevolent pirates had a law passed authorizing the issuing of non-taxable interest bearing bonds payable in coin. Then the pirates exchanged their 35-cent paper dollars (dollar for dollar) for the new non-taxable interest bearing coin bonds. Then they had their secretary of the treasury at Washington to interpret the word "coin" to mean gold—which doubled the purchasing, and therefore the value of their bonds. In other words, for every dollar invested by the bond shark he receives back from the people six dollars and the interest.

But that isn't all. He wants the interest but not the principal. He wants to continually increase the principal—and did do it a couple of hundred million under Cleveland and will do it some more under Roosevelt if his Panama Canal scheme don't blow up. For he has had another law passed that gives him the special privilege of issuing money, and as trade and population increases the money volume must increase, and more money means more debts, and more debts means more interest for you and I to pay.

The bond shark is now ready for business. All he has is government bonds—and these are exempt from taxation—but draw interest. He quietly takes his bonds and deposits them with the U. S. treasury—and you quietly pay the interest. He is granted a charter for a national bank and can issue to you his bank note on which you must again quietly pay the interest.

He catches it coming and going, and you get it in the neck coming and going. And his "capital stock" is exempt from taxation. He makes the laws—you pay the freight.

During the holidays a Cairo woman drew \$900 from a bank and placed it in a tin can. Her husband threw the can in the fire—not knowing its contents. The money burned and the banks that issued it were that much ahead. These notes they will not be called on to redeem. Millions of dollars are annually destroyed in some way. If the government issued the money all the people would be benefited by such misfortunes, and since all the people lose more or less money, it would, in a measure, equalize itself.

But the bankers don't want it any other way, and so long as the bankers govern us it will not be any other way.

And when you go to the polls next fall don't fail to go around and ask your banker how to vote. He keeps posted. He knows.

THE SHOESTRING CROWD. Gee! But the shoe-string editors are after the Kicker for suggesting the abolishment of the announcement fee graft. They say that they want an early primary because they want it all over before crop time—so that the candidate would lose no time from his crop. It would be interesting to know what sort of a "crop" the candidates of the shoe-string crowd put in?

Not a farmer has said "beans" about any kind of a primary. In fact, I doubt if there are very many who care whether or not a primary is held at all. All this talk about an early primary is born of professional office-holders and the desire of the shoe-string editors to get their claws on the "announcement fee."

I, for one, do not care whether an early or late primary is held, or whether one is held at all. I am simply telling those who are interested that an effort is being made to work the same old trick in the same old way.

For a man to accept the nomination for county office before he knows what the party's platform will be is equal to saying "I'll stand for anything if you give me the job." Do you remember, two years ago, in the counties where the ring was in full control, they undertook to pledge Mr. Folk to support ALL the nominees of the party? Do you remember how, in each case, he added the

proviso that he would do so if they were honest men?

Suppose the pious E. Herbert was a resident of this county and received the Democratic nomination for representative in May, April, and two months later the state convention nominated the treasurer of the Democratic State Committee—the Hon. Wm. J. Lemp—for some state office. Imagine the spectacle of the pious Herbert going about shouting "Hooray for the brewery."

But they say "the Kicker wants a late primary because it charges a late primary because it charges a system abolished entirely. Yet, if "by the week" is such a good thing why does not the shoe-string crowd adopt it? There is no reason why a man whose announcement appears but one week should pay the same as the man whose announcement appears two weeks. Nor can there be any explanation for charging a considerable \$2.50 and a congressman \$20 for the same space. The only difference I can see is that the congressman gets more slobber. And if that is the reason, then it is for the slobber and not the announcement that the charge is made—and therefore becomes a bribe.

No valid defense can be made for charging a candidate more for newspaper space than would be charged a merchant or any other citizen. It is a system established by politicians to help keep up party organs.

GRESHAM A BIRD.

As a newspaper man Milo Gresham is a bird. He can wobble around, use up more space and say less than any other man. He reminds one of the Platte river—shallow and wide at the mouth. He accused me of trying to array the populace of Scott county against every man who had "sneezed in some way." My reply was that I would appreciate it if he would mention just one man against whom the Kicker had sought to array the populace because he "sneezed in some way"—except in an unfair way.

He doesn't even attempt to do it. But he thrashes over a lot of old straw and tells a story about some old politicians here furnishing me a roof and food and printing and so on, and that I turned against them because they "threw the limit and had to have their own."

It is to be regretted that I cannot conduct my paper to suit the poodle editors of the county. When I conducted the party organ—the New-Bay—these poodles barked at my heels because they could get no pie. Now that I have stepped aside and turned the pie counter over to them, they are yet unsatisfied and continue to bark—evidently just to hear the noise. Sometimes they say "I'll tell you" with the old ringsters, and at other times they say I was kicked out. But they never explain how it happened that when I "told out" they were quick to "fall in."

Now let me tell you, Mr. Gresham, how this crowd helped me. While I trotted with the gang I was sincere. I felt just as any foolfeels who votes the ticket and reads the platform afterward. "I felt that the salvation of the country depended on the success of Democratic candidates. And while I was a fool I spent my time and money freely to help the party."

During campaigns I spent all my time and all my "announcement fee" and everything else I had in support of what I considered the best man. After ten years of hard work I took an inventory of my wealth. I found that I had about \$2,500 worth of property and owed \$2,400. I could not have cashed out under the hammer for within \$500 of what I owed. That is how the gang "sheltered, fed and clothed" me. I was continually hard up and had to depend on them for favors. I sold my New-Bay plan to meet pressing demands.

A little more than four years ago I decided to try the newspaper business again—determined that no politician or office-seeker should ever have another hold on me. I borrowed \$400 to pay "down" on my plant and the rest I paid in installments. Today I have one of the best—if not the best—country newspaper plants in Missouri—all free of debt. I have two dwelling houses and a brick business house in Benton, and about twenty lots in the various new towns that are springing up in the county—all of which I owe to the plain people of Scott county who want and are willing to pay for the truth.

What else I have I am not going to tell—lest you might picture me as a tax-dodger. But I am no pauper as I was at the time when the benevolent office-seekers did so much for me.

And I want to assure you that I don't want any more of that kind of help? You and your kind are welcome to it.

START AT THE BOTTOM.

A mistake that the people always make is that they want to start to reform the government by starting at the top. This is probably due to the fact that the newspapers and politicians always make the greatest amount of noise about the election of the president in a presidential year, or the election of state officers in an off year. They want you to lose sight of matters at home with which you are familiar and take up the "cat in the sack" of which you know little or nothing.

You will remember how you shouted "Hooray for McKinley," or "Hooray for Bryan," and how the candidates and politicians always dwelt heavily on their election. In a presidential election a candidate for a minor office never gets up and tells you that he has been urged into the fight by his friends and that he is sacrificing himself on the altar of his party. But he never forgets to tell you to vote for straight—and that includes himself.

But the people go at the thing wrong end foremost. They should first clean out before their own door—set intelligently on matters with which they are familiar. A good school director or a good road boss is of greater value to the immediate vicinity than a good president. Good roads and good teachers are more beneficial than "good trusts." And the very best that any president has yet been able to do is to say that bad trusts should not be permitted to exist; but when he starts his attorney general out after the "bad trusts" he discovers that there are none.

You will notice that the Kicker pays little or no attention to what is going on in Washington. It has no ammunition to waste. All of it—and more—is necessary at home. We have no direct vote for president, neither have we for United States senator. But to show you the conditions in the United States senate—the highest law-making body of the land—I reproduce the following from the Washington Star:

"From wholesome breezy Kansas comes the most comprehensive arraignment we have yet observed of the United States senate. Kansas is not cursed with graft, as is the cautious East. It is not sickened or with the pale cast of thought, nor does it loiter up its words. A protest that would take the form of a hint or a murmur in the East, swells and boils into volcanic outbursts in Kansas. Language is wider, taller and of higher temperature than here. The esteemed Eldorado Republican, of Kansas, begins an editorial on public affairs with this general statement, which fairly illustrates the hearty manner with which Kansas grapples with great things:

"Every time President Roosevelt whacks his big stick down in a rotten place in the public service out pops a United States senator."

"This brief, condensed sentence has strength as well as breadth. There is something in the words 'rotten place' which comes to the mind a grizzly thing—a weasel, say, detected in the act of sucking eggs. Any senator ought to feel the opprobrium that is an inevitable consequence of popping out at the sound of the big stick. The Kansas critic, having stated his broad general proposition, goes into particulars:

"When the buzzards begin to circle around a yellow spot in the financial world, and an investigation is started to find out what's dead, out pops a United States senator. Every time a stockholder of a moneyed concern who believes he is being robbed by his fellow grafters kicks the top off the graft, out pops a United States senator. The first shot out of the box in the Equitable Life exposure was a United States senator. The first whack of the big stick on the land grafters in Oregon exposed a United States senator. The explosion of a small bomb under a St. Louis get-rich-quick graft pulled a United States senator."

"This is a terrible arraignment. The editor does not mince words, exactly, although the result is minced meat. The crushing character of the information conveyed is undeniable. And the impression becomes strong that every United States senator is a rascal, who 'pops' only when discovery is unavoidable. The senate is exposed at last in its totality. It is merely the gathering place of grafters—their 'hang out,' as it were. Senators have worked their game well, but the Eldorado Republican has finally found their trail, and they are popping out in bunches. He is sure of more, too, and hands out a piece of news that is extremely interesting:

"One random shot at the Panama scandal threatened to expose two United States senators. The tobacco frauds now being investigated will catch a United States senator. There are but ninety of him in all, but he seems ubiquitous."

"That is a good job, thoroughly done. The Post has been accused of defending the senate against reckless, indiscriminate charges, and it is true that this paper has criticized some contemporaries for their haphazard statements. But the Eldorado Republican cannot be accused of making an indiscriminate attack. It has 'whacked' the senate with absolute impartiality, and, being a Republican journal, its criticism is non-partisan. Its article leaves nothing to be said."

United States Senator Burton, who

has twice been convicted as a hoodler and has appealed to the highest court in the land, has not resigned, nor has the senate made any effort to oust him. Perhaps he is as clean as the rest. He is still drawing salary from the public treasury at the rate of \$5,000 a year and trimmings.

SOME QUEER THINGS.

In looking over Sam Cook's manual for 1904 I notice the name of Thos. E. Barrett as a member of the Democratic judicial committee from the eleventh (St. Louis) district. The Honorable Mr. Barrett is now wearing stripes in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, as is also the Honorable John Dolan, late chairman of the Democratic city central committee of St. Louis. Their offense was the manufacture of legal voters out of raw foreigners. John J. Lavin, another member of the central committee is also in stripes.

Now that matters are better understood it is interesting to look over the "Cook Book" and see the various positions of honor held by leading Democrats just prior to the time Joe Folk upset their applecart.

The member of the Democratic city committee from the ninth ward ought to be of interest to most of us. At page 443 under the head of "Democratic City Central Committee of the City of St. Louis" may be found this "Ninth ward"—A. A. Busch, Busch Place, City.

Now think a bit. This was supposed to have been a DEMOCRATIC committee. Now scratch that old noggin a little and see if you can recall a little incident that happened in the wine cellar of A. A. Busch just prior to the last election when Mr. Busch, Otto Stifel and one or two other brewers made up \$15,000 and gave it to Thos. E. Barrett, chairman of the REPUBLICAN state committee.

And then tell me to what party the big brewer belongs?

And then feel of your—if you see it you can figure out where you belong?

A HUMANE JUDGE.

A St. Louis judge has adopted the rule when he has to punish a man for drunkenness of suspending the sentence of the prisoner until he signs the temperance pledge. He requires the pledge to be for a year and that the prisoner shall from time to time report to him. If he violates his pledge the fine and imprisonment immediately take effect. The result of this humane and sensible measure has been the reformation of a number of victims of drink. When a man had succeeded in keeping sober for a year he usually sees that not only he can but that he ought to make his condition permanent. A most excellent judge, we commend his example to others.—Hickman (St. Louis Courier).

I have always contended that it is wrong for the state to set a trap for a man and then punish a man for getting into it. So far as the law goes the selling of booze is as legitimate and as honorable as the selling of anything else. There are restrictions, however, and one of these is that a dealer shall not sell to an intoxicated man, and another is that he shall not sell to a habitual drunkard.

But you will never hear of the violators of these restrictions being punished. It is always the fellow who buys until he gets more of a load than he can carry. He is the poor devil that must suffer. Yet if the law was enforced there are but few cases where both the buyer and seller would be subject to punishment.

But let us look at this in another light. It is as lawful to buy and sell booze as it is to buy and sell food. If a man goes to a saloon and buys whiskey until he becomes sick or helpless, he is taken to the lock-up. If he enters a restaurant and eats until he becomes sick or helpless he is either taken home or to the hospital. Why the difference? Is it any more a crime to drink too much than it is to eat too much?

The fact remains that there is nothing criminal about getting drunk. After years of tripping drunkness becomes a disease known to the medical profession as "dipsomania."

And should it be held to be criminal to be afflicted with a disease of which the state scatters the germs broadcast so that it can scarcely be avoided?

Let there be more humane judges like the one in St. Louis.

A fellow can get some "news" out of the organ sometimes. It says a publisher has to "make oath that he has fifty per cent of the number mailed in bonafide subscribers." Who administers the oath? There are fellows playing editor all over this country that would make a better success carrying a hod. Or as the Missouri Sharpshooter puts it, "One great drawback to the newspaper business is that there are too many trying to drive the editorial quill who are better fitted for driving a sand wagon."

CIRCUIT COURT.

Circuit court convened Tuesday and quit Wednesday. It was nothing more than a wind-jamming contest between lawyers, and while the docket is full the lawyers were "not ready" and all but one case went over to the April term. The case of Drury & Co. vs. Baudendistel, damages, was tried by jury and a verdict rendered for defendant. A motion for new trial was over-ruled.

A motion for a new trial in the case of Schuemer vs. Biernert, damages, was also over-ruled. Schuemer was engaged in blasting for Biernert at Rockview and lost his eye sight because of a premature explosion. Last October a jury awarded him \$1,000.

When the case of the negro, Sam Carter, who killed Cal Davis, a white man at Sikeston Christmas, was called on indictment had been filed. There was no charge against the negro. When Judge Riley questioned the prosecuting attorney that official was preferred to let the grand jury act. The judge instructed the prosecutor to prepare an indictment at once. Carter was brought into court Wednesday without an attorney. Mr. Kelly seemed to be representing both sides of the case and said Ruben Matthews, for whom Carter worked, had telephoned him to go to the jail and tell Carter to wait preliminary hearing which he did. When asked what was the charge against the negro Mr. Kelly answered, "murder in the second degree" and recommended a bond of \$2,000. Judge Riley appointed Moore & Parsons, of Sikeston, to defend the negro. Evidently Judge Riley did not know that Moore through his paper, has already said that the negro ought to hang and deplored the fact that he got away without being lynched. It is often said that a negro stands no show in the courts of Scott county. The Kicker knows nothing of the circumstances of the murder, nor what the evidence will be. But I have seen enough to warrant the prediction that Carter is one nigger that will not go over the road.

Perhaps the matter of most importance to the public that came up before the circuit court Tuesday was the proceedings in the matter of W. R. Batts and John Mason, asking to be released from the bond of Sheriff Watkins. The reason assigned for the desired withdrawal was that the sheriff was guilty of neglect of duty and drunkenness, and evidence was introduced to that effect.

In his own defense Mr. Watkins made a short speech in which he said he had been a drinking man for thirty years, that there were other officials that got drunk, and that there was a deputy sheriff, constable or deputy constable in the county that didn't get drunk held like he knew his name. It was a terrible arraignment of the peace officers of the county, and I am a little like the sheriff about it—I'd like to be shown.

But the court held that because other officers got drunk it did not justify the sheriff in doing likewise and ordered all bondsman released.

Mr. Watkins had prepared and immediately presented a new bond signed by J. L. Husay, James Vandike, J. W. Harris, C. H. Hillsman and J. S. Keene. Upon inquiry the court held the bond to be insufficient and gave the sheriff sixty days in which to file a sufficient bond.

State vs. John Edwards, murder, bond fixed at \$700 and continued.

Chester Gatling, (colored) larceny, bond fixed at \$300 and continued.

Court adjourned Wednesday evening.

DECEMBER TAX COLLECTIONS.

Collector Chisman reports taxes collected for December 1905 to have exceeded the collections of the same month for 1904 by over \$4,000. After deducting the collector's commission the amount turned over to Treasurer Hutson for December was \$59,168.94 as follows:

County Revenue	\$13,619.14
Interest on same	8.43
Road Revenue	4,112.08
Interest on same	2.04
School Revenue	20,278.56
Interest on same	12.06
Current Levy Tax	723.49
Total Ditch Tax	14,576.02
State Tax	5,836.38
Total	\$59,168.94

Of this \$734.98 was received from saloons. It is quite an amount to be paid in by tax-payers in one month. By far the greater portion of taxes are paid during the last month of the year, and the total collections will not be known until the collector makes his settlement with the county court in March. Then the Kicker will give you the figures so that you may know how much it costs you to "keep house."

President Roosevelt has discovered something. He says there is corruption in congress. Wonderful.